

## Respect and Responsibility by KyluxFicHell

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**Genre:** Fluff, Guilty Billy, M/M, Mentioned Neil Hargrove, Respect and Responsibility, Soft Boys, Sweet Steve, mentions of abuse

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**Characters:** Billy Hargrove, Steve Harrington

**Relationships:** Billy Hargrove/Steve Harrington

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**Summary:**

“Respect.” Billy’s voice wavers a little. “And responsibility.” He lifts their interlinked hands and presses a kiss to Steve’s knuckles.

“You’re getting soppy on me now, Hargrove?” Steve smiles, his heart warming at the intimate gesture.

“You need to tell me,” Billy continues, ignoring Steve’s comment, “if I ever start to get like I was before. If I forget sometimes, to show you the respect you deserve.”

Or: Billy reflects on something his father said to him that gets him thinking about his relationship with Steve.

## Respect and Responsibility

### Author's Note:

This is something incredibly short that I wrote and posted on tumblr ages ago but never got round to putting up here. I thought I'd post it while I'm working on the last two chapters of "Home is Wherever I'm With You" (chapter 9 will be up this week!) I love writing a future domestic fic but I also like returning to teenagers working out their shit and developing that relationship.

"What are you thinking about?" Steve asks one night, when they're tangled under the sheets together.

He runs one bare foot along Billy's calf and strokes the other boy's sweat-slicked chest.

"I ain't thinking about nothing, princess," Billy laughs as he takes a drag of his cigarette, "except how much I enjoyed having my dick up your ass just now." He ghosts his hand over Steve's thigh, eventually settling on his hip.

There's something different in Billy's eyes tonight though, something that Steve can't quite put his finger on.

"*Tell me*," Steve says softly against the shell of Billy's ear. "I want to know what you're thinking."

Billy chuckles and stubs out his cigarette in the ash tray on the nightstand. He pulls Steve a little closer, and Steve's heart skips a beat just like the very first time Billy went soft on him.

"I was thinking about my dad." His voice is soft, a tone he doesn't normally use when discussing his father. "About what a piece of shit he is."

Steve stays silent, but shifts even closer, trying to ignore the small cluster of bruises on Billy's right shoulder that have almost faded.

“He’s the biggest fucking douchebag I’ve ever known. But he did teach me something worth learning.” Billy’s eyes flick up to meet Steve’s.

“What’s that?” Steve laces their fingers together.

“*Respect.*” Billy’s voice wavers a little. “And *responsibility.*” He lifts their interlinked hands and presses a kiss to Steve’s knuckles.

“You’re getting soppy on me now, Hargrove?” Steve smiles, his heart warming at the intimate gesture.

“You need to tell me,” Billy continues, ignoring Steve’s comment, “if I ever start to get like I was before. If I forget sometimes, to show you the respect you deserve.”

“Billy-“

“-Steve. Please. Promise me, princess.”

Steve presses a chaste kiss to Billy’s lips. “Promise.”